Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. — Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

BARD. O joyful day! — I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

PIST. What? I do bring good news?

FAL. Carry master Silence to bed. — Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt. I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night: — O, sweet Pistol: — Away, Bardolph. [*Exit* BARD.] — Come, Pistol, utter more to me: and, withal, devise something, to do thyself good. — Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses: the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends: and woe to my lord chief justice!

PIST. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

Where is the life that late I led, say they[8]:
Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days[9].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY, *and* DOLL

HOST. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might

[8] Where is the life that late I led, &c.] Words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.
The same has been already introduced in The Taming of the Shrew. STEEVENS.

[9] — Welcome THESE pleasant DAYS,] Perhaps, (as Sir Thomas Hanmer suggests,) the poet concluded this scene with a rhyming couplet, and therefore wrote:
« - Welcome *this* pleasant *day*"
STEEVENS.

[1] *Enter* BEADLES, &c.] This stage-

direction, in the quarto